

Newark,

27
NORTH GALLERY
REFERENCE
NEWARK LIBRARY

Hospital

AG39



Kenny Memorial Hospital

Misc.

EX-1136

NOV - - 1929

Little Jean ~

BIG BILL" was just a common laborer, one of that immense horde that keeps the wheels of industry moving. He was honest, respectable and industrious—never absent from his job a day. With the wages from his steady work he kept the family pot boiling, but was never able to lay by anything for the "rainy day."

So things went well in "Bill's" home till one day while returning from his work in a blinding rain, he was run down at a street crossing just in front of his home by one of those "hit-and-run" autoists. A neighbor saw the accident and rushed out, but could not detect the number of the machine. He carried "Bill" into the house and called a doctor, who found that Bill had a compound, comminuted fracture of his left leg just above the ankle. The police precinct was at once advised, but no trace of the offender was discovered. Thus "Bill" could get no damage award for his injury.

The doctor administered skillfully but amidst the unsanitary conditions attending "Bill's" injury, plus those of his home, infection set in. A consultant was called and the two doctors worked heroically to save "Bill's" life, but they did not have the home, the thing they most needed at that time—the aid of physiotherapy, such as is found in the treatment rooms of the Kenney Memorial Hospital, where 22,000 such treatments have been given and numbers of similar infections successfully controlled.

So "Bill" passed on, leaving poor "Little Jean," his wife, with seven children, ages from one to fourteen years, to provide for. Of course she was at first prostrated, but as she was a woman of sterling qualities, and having learned the lessons of industry and frugality by helping her husband to make ends meet with his weekly wage, she heroically went to her task of caring for her fatherless family.

In this she was not entirely alone. She had heard from her friend of the great good done her family by the social service nurse from the Kenney Memorial Hospital. So she sent for the nurse. From the moment that she entered dressed in her neat uniform, took off her white cuffs and put on her apron and joined with the mother in getting things

in shape, new light came into that home. School time came and with the assistance of the nurse all arrangements were made for getting the children into school, and things went along very smoothly till early one morning Jean awoke with a chill, burning fever, cough, and a pain in the right side of her chest, so severe that she could not take a natural breath. The doctor was called and he said "pneumonia." "You should go to the Kenney Memorial Hospital at once." But what about the children? Jean was too sick to think of that. In fact she was already delirious with the pain and fever. She was bundled up and carried to the hospital where she was attended by pleasant and willing nurses trained in the use of physiotherapy under the direction of doctors who thoroughly believe in it and who prescribe it as discriminat-ingly as though they were prescribing from the *Materia Medica*. At the hospital, "Little Jean" was at once placed in bed between two blankets in a light airy room with everything about her spotless and immaculate. Her temperature was found to be 105, her pulse 140, and her respiration 48—a pretty serious infection. Her clothing was removed, an ice cap placed to her head and she was given a cool sponge bath. Then the diathermy machine was rolled along the side of the bed and she was given a diathermy treatment through the right side. She was encouraged to drink all the cold water she could take. Following the diathermy treatment, the

therapy lamp was placed over her and in a little while Jean was asleep and resting peacefully. Thus far no medicine had been administered. Later the lamp was removed and as Jean was breathing better, her pulse improved and she was resting quietly, the windows were thrown wide open. In four hours she aroused from a refreshing sleep with all symptoms improved. She was then given some liquid nourishment and such other treatment as her condition demanded. In two weeks "Little Jean" said a happy goodbye to the hospital attendants and returned home to look after her little ones.

But how was this done? Jean had no money to pay for such care as that's the kind of service the rich get. The hospital is a purely private institution, erected, owned and controlled by one individual. It is not endowed or subsidized in any way whatever, but is dependent on the income from its patients to keep up its overhead and lift the mortgage. However it is very simple. In the beginning, the director with his belief in women and their ability to do things, invited a number of those prominent in church and civic duties to form an auxillary organization in connection with the hospital. They did the rest.

As soon as they were advised of "Little Jean's" predicament they provided the funds to maintain her in the hospital. Our social service nurse, who works in closest co-operation

with the Ladies' Auxillary, at once visited the family and continued daily visits and care while the mother was in the hospital. She reported the conditions to the Ladies' Auxillary and they saw to it that the children were cared for.

And now at our monthly health meetings held at the hospital, where the simple rules of good health and right living are taught, "Little Jean" and her family are always the first in their seats. There they learn the simple rules of good health. Cleanliness with all that it means is the first topic on the list—cleanliness of their bodies, their clothes, their homes and surroundings. They are taught the value of fresh air, day and night, Summer and Winter; the use of water internally and externally; the proper kind of food, how to prepare it and when to eat it; the necessity of rest, exercise and recreation as well as industry and lucrative employment.

Another thing that "Little Jean" and her family have learned is to go to the out-patients free clinic at the Kenney Memorial Hospital whenever they feel the least bit ill. Also at least once a year every member of the family goes there for a careful physical examination, a record of which is kept on file for future use.

On their first visit for this special examination it was found that two of the children had rickets. The modern treatment of rickets comprises sunshine, fresh air, vitamins

from green vegetables, milk, eggs and cod liver oil. But this splendid treatment is incomplete without the use of ultra violet rays, with which the Kenney Memorial Hospital is equipped, having four such machines in use. But those machines are expensive and its costs money for the electric current and the specially trained workers to use them. So again we called on the Ladies' Auxillary and by agreement between them and the hospital, the rays were applied to the two children for the price of one and they were soon relieved of this handicap to their health and proper development.

And so even though "Big Bill," the bread winner, has gone to his long, long home, "Little Jean" and the children have found a way to help them get well when they are sick and to keep from getting sick through agencies at the Kenney Memorial Hospital.

And so my friends, having presented to you this simple story of "Little Jean," The Kenney Memorial Hospital welcomes you, whether you be rich, or whether you be poor. Should you sojourn here consider this your home and everyone of us your servant, ready, willing and anxious to do your bidding in any and every way that will make your burden lighter and you happier and hasten your recovery and restoration to your family, friends and social activities.

Take this little folder away with you as a reminder to you that just as "Little Jean" and her family have found relief, comfort, cheer and happiness, and a new vision of life, so may you do likewise, by living the Kenney Memorial Hospital way.

JOHN A. KENNEY.

132-134 W. Kinney Street,
Newark, N. J.

